

The Kitchen Series by eggosnmileven

Series: [MILEVEN ONGOING SERIES \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: (kinda), Aged up characters, Blow Jobs, College AU, Developing Relationship, Explicit Consent, F/M, Face-Fucking, Hand Jobs, Modern AU, Multiple Orgasms, PART 2 IS HERE!!!, Premature Ejaculation, Public Hand Jobs, Semi-Public Sex, Sex, Smutty goodness, Unprotected Sex, Vaginal Sex, fucking in the kitchen

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Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper & Mike Wheeler, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Kitchen-themed interactions between Mike and El!
{MODERN COLLEGE AU ONESHOT SERIES}

1. In The Kitchen

Author's Note:

hey, everyone!

after a review over on fanfiction.net (where you can find me under the same username), i've decided to start posting (some of) my works here as well. i really like this platform...so why not? i'm also on wattpad (same username there, too).

i'll be slowly moving some of my stories over here over the next week or so, and i'll try to remember to update here as often as i can lol

NOTE: oneshots will ONLY be posted here and on fanfiction.net. wattpad is exclusively for multi-chaps.

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👉MY USUAL DISCLAIMER👉

stranger things and all of its characters, settings, etc. belong to the duffer brothers and netflix. i do not attempt to take credit for anything other than my original plot ideas, au's, and original characters.

A QUICK NOTE: i have a zero tolerance policy for hate and the "comment moderation" feature is always on for all of my works.

if you don't like what i write or how i write, then just don't read my work. it's as simple as that.

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★★in this story, mike is 22 (senior) and el is 19 (freshman)★★

El's stomach fluttered when she looked up from her book, seeing Mike Wheeler emerge from the door and into the lobby, pot in-hand. He looked over and smiled, waving at her.

"Hi."

She returned the smile and wave. "Hi."

That's been her only interaction with Mike Wheeler for weeks now, and she's been dying for something else to happen. She likes him a lot, and she thinks he likes her too, but she hasn't made a move because she's worried that maybe she has been interpreting things wrong.

Sure, she's seen him look at her and watch her walk by a few times, and they've had some brief conversations, but it's never gone past that. Mike's a tough cookie to crack, not to mention the fact that he's almost impossible to get a read on, what with his seemingly permanent neutral facial expression.

With a rush of bravery, she sticks the bookmark in between pages and walks into the kitchen, grabbing her pot from off the top of the fridge. He looks up from his phone briefly to turn and look at her before looking back down at the device in his hand.

She sighed softly in defeat, putting the pot on the stove before turning the burner on and walking over to grab the pasta. Striking up a spontaneous conversation with the senior seemed like mission impossible at this point, his stoic demeanor making it very difficult to start anything with him.

But, she continued smiling and saying 'hi' to him, nonetheless. And he continued smiling and waving back, just as he had been for the past few weeks.

Today was Sunday, so the kitchen was relatively scarce of activity, much to El's relief. She had a restless night of sleep, so the bags under her eyes were especially prominent this afternoon as she filled the pot with water. Her earbuds were blasting her favorite playlist as she waited for it to fill up, grabbing it carefully and lifting the almost full pot up out of the sink

She hadn't realized Mike's presence until it was too late.

"Hi."

El turned and gasped, the pot handle slipped out of her hand, spilling most of the water onto Mike before it clattered to the floor with a loud bang!

His entire body tensed at the feeling of the cold water soaking through his shirt and basketball shorts.

Meanwhile, El was absolutely mortified at what just happened, frozen in place with her hands over her mouth.

"Oh...Oh my god, I'm so sorry Mike."

He held his hands out, smiling softly. "It's okay, El...really."

Before she even realized what she was doing, El had grabbed one of the towels from the counter and began patting his chest, trying to dry him off. Then the reality of what she was doing and how inappropriate it was hit her, and she stopped in her tracks.

She looked up at him, extremely sheepish, and was met with a smirk.

"Shit, I didn't even..."

He chuckled. "It's alright...I actually think it's kinda c-cute."

"Y-Yeah...wait, what?"

Her cheeks went bright red.

"I think you're cute, El."

Mike took a step forward, allowing the towel to rest on his chest again, large hand coming up to cover El's smaller one.

"You can keep going, i-if you want."

El could see the blush start to color his freckled cheeks, and it comforted her to know that he was a little nervous, too. Her hand continued patting and rubbing the large wet spot on his chest and abdomen, trying to collect as much excess water as possible.

Eventually, her hand made its way down to his lower stomach, dangerously close to the waistband of his athletic shorts. She paused and made a motion to pull away, but Mike's hand quickly seized her wrist, holding her in place.

When she looked up at him, brows furrowed, Mike stared back down at her with a clenched jaw and a desperate hunger glistening in his eyes.

"Keep going."

She shuddered with arousal, feeling his hips push forward ever so slightly, allowing her to feel the beginnings of an impressive erection. He took a deep, shaky breath when her hand continued its motions, this time over the place he needed it most at this moment.

His head tilted back and a small growl escaped his lips as her ministrations overwhelmed his senses. The feeling of her small hand and the way her movements rubbed the fabric of his shorts against his erection was so good, he couldn't help his verbal reactions.

Mike had hooked up with his fair share of girls, but El was...different. He had genuine feelings for her, something he hasn't felt towards someone in a long time, and it was refreshing. Plus, if she kept this up...he's never gonna let her go again.

If her hand feels this good, imagine what her mouth would feel like. Better yet, what would her pussy would feel like?

"Jesus," He whispered to himself.

The thought made his hips thrust forward, forcing his length further against her.

El couldn't believe that this was really happening; it felt like something straight out of one of her fantasies. But she certainly wasn't complaining, especially when Mike was making such beautiful little noises and getting to watch his neutral expression fade with each touch was nothing less than erotic.

He suddenly reached down and stopped her hand.

"Drop the towel, El."

She did as he said, letting the towel drop to the floor of the kitchen, eliminating the barrier between her bare hand and his clothed length. This was the first time she got to see it, and her thighs clenched together when she saw how truly big he was.

"M-Mike..."

His hand wrapped around the back of her head and he leaned down, pulling her closer.

"C'mere."

Their lips collided in a passionate kiss, Mike's lips engulfing hers and she opened her mouth right away, granting him access without hesitation. He took what she gave him with an eagerness unlike El had ever experienced before, tongue beginning to explore every crevice of her mouth as soon as her jaw loosened.

She wraps her arms around his neck, pulling herself closer to him, body now completely pressed against his. His erection twitched when her lower stomach rubbed against it, making him growl into her mouth before he pulled away, panting slightly.

He grinned. "You...have no idea how long I've wanted to do that."

"And you have no idea how long I've been waiting for you to do that." El chuckles and Mike joins in shortly after, playfully nuzzling his nose against hers.

A content silence lingered between them as they admired each other, trying to process the fact that this was really happening. She soon broke it up with a hand teasing his waistband, rubbing right against his tip, which made him groan.

She moves her lips to his sharp jawline, kissing all the way up to that spot just behind his ear, letting her hot breath tickle his skin.

"What do you want me to do now, Mike?"

He shivered in excitement. "So eager..."

Suddenly, his demeanor softened and he rubbed the back of his neck.

"I guess I should've asked this a lot sooner, but w-what do you want to do? Like...what are you comfortable with?"

El almost laughed at his sudden softness, but she was incredibly impressed that he was asking her what she was comfortable with instead of just assuming, like most guys.

"Oh, yeah, I'm comfortable with pretty much anything."

She thought for a moment.

"Well, except like...anal, but yeah, everything else is alright."

He nodded.

"Okay, cool. I'm not really into anal either, so I'm glad we're on the

same page about that."

Both of them chuckled before El reached down and moved the discarded towel to a spot right in front of him. She then got on her knees and continued to tease him over his shorts, this time occasionally placing an open-mouthed kiss to the shaft or tip, which drove him crazy each time she did it.

"Fuck, El, how are you so g-good at this?"

She smirked and continued for a little while longer before pulling away, looking up at him questioningly.

"Is this still...okay? Even though we're in the building's kitchen?"

The eyes of a starved man looked down at her, sending a shiver down her spine. "Please."

El nodded and reached down into his pants, finally freeing his erection from the restrictive material. It bobbed as Mike let out a relieved sigh, but his moment of relaxation was short lived. Almost instantly after she pulled it out, her lips wrapped around his tip and began sucking gently, causing Mike's breath to hitch.

As she continues, his back arches suddenly and his hand comes down, wrapping itself in her hair.

"O-Ohhhh, fuck."

She teases him for a little while longer, hands moving to massage his balls as she ran her tongue around his tip, enjoying the reactions her ministrations were receiving. Just as she'd hoped, Mike made the most beautiful faces and noises, it was turning her on more than she cared to admit.

Just as Mike was about to say something, she cut him off by forcing her mouth down his length, taking a good portion of it before she started gagging.

He bit down hard on his lip, enough to draw blood, to prevent the loud gasps and moans that threatened to come out. El's mouth was so wet and warm, he doesn't remember anyone ever feeling this good.

"E-E-El, Jesus fucking Christ, f-feels so good..."

His words only encouraged her, pulling back with a loud slurp before going back down, picking up a steady repetitive rhythm. She sucked increasingly harder with each pull-back, hands still teasing his balls.

"Uhhhhnnnnhhhh...gggrrrrrrffh...hhhhhhaaaaa..."

El smirked around him as she continued sucking, feeling his hips start to move in time with her rhythm. Soon, he looked down at her and he didn't even need to say anything, El already knew what he wanted.

She nodded and he held the sides of her head before starting to thrust on his own, moaning at the sparks of pleasure spreading from his groin throughout his entire body. His eyes were clenched shut and it was clear that he was trying very hard not to cum right then and there.

Mike could barely get the words out, the lust tying up his vocal cords. "C-Close...so c-close..."

Suddenly, El was pushed away and watched Mike writhe above her, trying to stave off his orgasm.

"Fuck!"

Despite his efforts, a few small ropes escaped from the tip, falling onto El's face. Her confidence was boosted significantly, knowing that she could make him feel that way.

His breathing was heavy as he squeezed the base of his length, trying to prevent any further ejaculation.

"S-Shit...t-that's never happened before..."

She chuckled. "Uhhh...sorry?"

It was his turn to laugh. "No need to apologize for that, ever."

He helped her up off the floor and pulled her in for a quick kiss.

"Do you still want to...I'm, uh, still h-hard...?"

El took his hand and slid it down between her thighs, letting him feel the hot patch between them. His jaw clenched and he growled lowly,

pressing his fingers against the damp fabric, slowly moving in small circles around her clit.

Her hand gripped his bicep tightly, head falling back as his fingers sent shocks of pleasure throughout her body. She let out a series of soft mewls and gasps, body jumping in response to each of his movements.

Mike thought she looked ethereal, unable to peel his eyes away from her face, watching it contort in pleasure.

"P-Please...M-Mike..."

He smirks, lips sucking on her neck before nibbling at her earlobe. "What do you want, El?"

She whimpers. "I w-want...I want you to...t-to fuck me, please Mike."

"God, I was hoping you'd say that."

Both of them giggle as Mike pulls her pajama shorts and panties down her legs before he lines himself up with her entrance. He looks into her eyes.

"Are you ready?"

El nods. "Please."

His hips surge forward and sheathe his entire length inside of her with one swift stroke, causing her to cry out. He holds a hand over her mouth, giving her a warning look.

"You gotta stay quiet, can't have anyone walking in."

She nods, looking embarrassed and in response, Mike took his hand away and planted a kiss on her lips.

"It's okay."

He smiled, cradling the back of her head with his large hand.

"C-Can I move now?"

El wiggles her hips and he takes that as a yes, pulling almost all the way out before pushing back in, groaning into her neck. Being quiet

while Mike is fucking her is posing quite the challenge for El, and she's sure that if she bites her lip any harder, it'll split open and bleed.

Mike's thrusts picked up speed, hips slapping noisily against her thighs. But, he's not stopping or slowing down by any means, too consumed with pleasure to care anymore.

"A-Are you--oh fuck--are y-you close?"

His jaw was clenched tightly, teeth grinding together. He was trying so hard to keep himself together, but El could see that he was starting to slip.

"Not g-gonna last m-much longer...too f-fucking good..."

She reaches down between their bodies, rubbing rapidly over her clit, feeling her walls instinctively clench around him.

Well, that probably didn't help him. Good job, El.

Her head falls back but is held up by his hand, eyes meeting his in a desperate look.

"C-Close, I'm getting c-close."

He gives her everything he's got left, pounding her straight into climax. Almost as if he knew, his hand covered her mouth right before she let out a series of loud noises, feeling her juices flood around him.

"Oh god, El...w-where d-do you w-want it?"

Her brain is foggy with lust, making it hard to formulate words.

"S-Stomach."

Mike thrustled rapidly until he was moments away from orgasm, quickly pulling out and yanking her shirt up just in time for several ropes of milky cum to paint her porcelain skin. He groaned, stroking himself dry, before his forehead fell onto her shoulder as he tried to catch his breath.

El ran her hands through his hair soothingly, riding out her own post-orgasmic bliss, enjoying the tingly feeling spread throughout her body.

Almost as if he'd forgotten where they were, Mike suddenly stood up with a panicked expression and helped El back into her bottoms before pulling his shorts back on. He grabbed some more paper towels from the dispenser, gently wiping the drying cum from her abdomen before tossing them in the bin.

"So, I--uhh--I'd like to actually, y'know, take you on a real date sometime? I-If you'd be down for that..."

He seemed so nervous all of the sudden, as if they hadn't just fucked on the kitchen counter, and El found that quite funny. She giggled softly but quickly stopped when Mike's face fell.

She reached up and held his face in her hands.

"I'd love to go out with you, Mike."

His insecurities and nerves instantly melted away, replaced by a look of relief and joy. He bent down and kissed her again, hands sliding down to hold her hips.

"Uhh, a-awesome. I'll...I'll text you later, is that alright?"

El nodded, chuckling at his awkwardness. It was sort of endearing, in a weird way.

"Great."

She picked up her pot and the dishrag off the floor while Mike started towards the door.

Before he walked out, however, Mike paused and turned around.

"Hey, El?"

She looked up. "Yes?"

He smiled.

"Be careful with that pot, okay? Wouldn't wanna spill it or anything."

They started laughing in unison before Mike bid her farewell and walked back to his room with a little extra pep in his step.

He's definitely gonna text her later.

2. Olive Oil & Salt

Summary for the Chapter:

They've hinted at their interest in one another for weeks now, but neither has made a move.

Who knew that all it'd take was a bottle of olive oil and a container of salt to bring Mike and El together?

[SMUT]

Notes for the Chapter:

hey!

since y'all liked "in the kitchen" so much and wanted to see more oneshots, i figured that i'd continue to write more of my real-life fantasies for your reading pleasure!! this is now officially a series, but it'll probably only be about 5 works total. i can only come up with so many smutty kitchen situations lol.

i think i'll probably end up doing another series of modern college-aged oneshots, but they won't be exclusive to kitchen-related encounters. i like turning more of my real-life fantasies into mileven stories! please let me know if that would be something y'all would be interested in seeing from me at some point!!

this in no way correlates to events from "in the kitchen" except for the overall setting, relationship dynamics, and their ages (mike is 22, el is 19)

Weeks.

Weeks of teasing, of subtle flirting, and nothing.

Mike and El both liked each other, but neither wanted to make a move out of fear that their affections would be rejected. So, they continued to tensely co-inhabit the kitchen at dinnertime, one making casual small-talk with the other.

It was all Max's fault, really, for planting the idea in her head.

--

"Dude, he totally likes you!"

Max nudged El as they walked down the hall back to their room.

"You should ask him out!"

El's cheeks flushed a bright pink.

"He doesn't like me, Max. Why would he like me when he could have any other girl he wanted? Plus, he's a senior and I'm a freshman. He probably just sees me as some kid."

The redhead rolled her eyes as she unlocked their door, holding it open for El.

"I saw him looking at you in the kitchen today. He literally couldn't keep his eyes off of you when you weren't looking! I know what I saw...he totally likes you."

She tried to brush it off, not to think about it too much, but deep down she was secretly excited at the prospect of Mike liking her.

"And he doesn't even try and talk to anyone else but you, have you noticed that? And whenever he says 'hi' and waves, his whole face lights up."

El's heart fluttered. What Max was saying was absolutely true, even El couldn't deny what she had been seeing the past few weeks, but she was still hesitant to make a move until she had solid, unquestionable evidence.

--

Today started out as just another regular Monday. El got up, walked with Max to the closest dining hall, ate, and then made her way back to the dorm to begin her schoolwork before her noon class.

She layered up before heading out into the chilly winter air, walking quickly to her class, which thankfully was only just across the courtyard from her dorm building.

After that, she grabbed lunch and headed back to the dorm to do some work in the lobby. Before she knew it, it was six o'clock and her stomach began to rumble.

El grabbed Max and both girls headed into the kitchen to begin preparing their meal. They were about halfway through making their dinner when Mike walked in with his plate and silverware, grabbing his pot off the top of the fridge.

"Hey, what's cooking?"

He smiled and looked to Max briefly before focusing on El, face lifting when their eyes met. Max held back a fit of giggles as El's cheeks flushed pink.

"Just some spaghetti tonight. Why, are you here to mooch off of us?"

Mike laughs genuinely. "No, nothing like that, unless you're offering...?"

She chuckles, shaking her head.

"Never took you as a freeloader type."

He pretended to be offended, expression so dramatic that it made El giggle.

"Me, a freeloader? Never."

He winked before putting his pot down on the burner next to El's, leaning down slightly to whisper,

"But I guarantee you'll want some of my meat."

Her cheeks turned bright red and she froze in place as he walked over to grab something from the fridge. She rubbed her thighs together ever so subtly, trying to soothe the burning feeling between them that had suddenly presented itself.

Mike smirked when he turned around and noticed her subtle thigh-rub.

Perfect, he thought. She's right where I want her.

Throughout the entire cooking of the spaghetti, all El could focus on was Mike. It was hard not to when he was standing right next to her.

Max was trying so hard not to say something, and El was grateful that she hadn't slipped up yet, unsure if she could live down that embarrassment. They went over to the small dining area next door to the kitchen to eat, followed shortly by Mike, who sat down next to El.

The trio talked in between bites and in a fit of bravery, El leaned over and whispered,

"You were right, Mike. Your meat looks delicious."

He gasped at her bold words, accidentally swallowing the piece of chicken in his mouth, immediately starting to cough violently as a result. Max's eyes went wide while El looked over, looking mortified.

"Mike? Are you okay?"

The handsome young man nodded in between coughing fits, grabbing his cup of water and taking a huge sip of the chilled liquid. His eyes were teary and his coughs subsided quickly after his drink of water.

"Y-Yeah, I'm fine."

He chuckled at the expression on El's face.

"Seriously, I'm fine. I just...wasn't expecting that."

El couldn't help but smirk to herself for the rest of the meal.

She finished before everyone else and told Max to go back to the room, that she'd clean up the dishes. Max agreed, flashing her a quick wink before putting her plate in the sink and walking down the hallway, leaving El alone in the kitchen.

He came in shortly after, beginning on his own dishes while El hopped up on the counter near the stove, strategically placing herself right in front of his bottle of olive oil and container of salt. They made small talk while he washed dishes and after he dried them off, he paused, realizing that El was sitting right in front of his stuff.

With a small smirk, he stepped right in front of her, now right in between her legs. She tensed as he placed his hands on either side of her, bending over slightly, eyes gazing directly into hers.

"So...you're sitting right in front of my stuff."

She bit her lip. "Oh, sorry. Would you like me to move?"

Mike shook his head, running his eyes up and down her seated figure.

"No, you're just fine right there. I'll just..."

He suddenly wrapped an arm around her torso, pulling her off the counter a little while leaning down to grab the stuff, never breaking eye contact.

El thought that she was going to spontaneously combust in that moment, clothed folds now pressed right up against his crotch with his face mere inches from hers as they looked deep into each other's eyes.

"...grab it."

His face slowly lowered and hers slowly lifted, lips meeting in a tender kiss. Instantly, the fuse was lit and the containers were promptly forgotten. Mike wrapped his other arm around her, holding her body against him while her hands lifted to run through his hair, pulling him closer to her.

The kiss quickly turned from tender to passionate, lips moving in-sync as the two young adults let their hands roam each other freely, exploring every inch of muscle and bone. Mike's hips began gently rolling into her, moving the fabric of her pants and thong against her clit, making her moan into his mouth.

She pulled away for a split second, slightly out of breath. "M-Mike..."

He suddenly looked worried.

"Is t-this not what you wanted? H-Have I been reading this all wrong?"

El shook her head and swiped her thumb over his defined cheekbone.

"No, you haven't been reading anything wrong. I like you, a-a lot, I just wasn't sure if you liked me back."

Mike smiled. "Of course I like you, El. You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen."

She blushed madly, looking away sheepishly before he tilted her chin back up until she was looking at him again.

"I mean it."

Their lips crash together again and El sighs when Mike's lips venture down to plant kisses along her jawline and eventually down to her neck. His teeth scrape along her skin as he rolls his hips against her, providing some much needed friction for his aching erection.

He sucked particularly hard on one spot of her neck and it made her gasp, back arching further into Mike. Her hips gradually began rolling in-time with his, intensifying the friction for both of them.

"Mmmmmmm...Mike..."

His hands sneakily ran along the waistband of her athletic leggings before tapping the small of her back, silently asking her to arch her back in order for him to pull her leggings down. She did so and he quickly tugged them down, exposing her bare folds to his hungry eyes.

"S-Shit, you're so wet already."

She nibbled on her lip, biting back a smile. "Can't help it."

Mike grinned and kissed her again before setting her down gently on the countertop so that he could pull his own pants down, just enough to expose his hardened length.

El had never seen a guy as big as Mike before, and suddenly she was nervous that she wouldn't be able to take him. He saw the concern cross her face and wrapped an arm around her again, pulling her close.

"It's okay, El, I'll go slow."

The nerves melted away ever so slightly and he felt her body relax in his arms. She nodded and he continued to hold her up off the cold marble as he lined himself up with her entrance. He looked to her one more time for approval, and right after she nodded, he thrust forward.

She gasped at the feeling of him filling her for the first time, eyes squeezing shut. Mike groaned lowly, face buried in the crook of her neck.

He stayed still until she told him it was alright, then he pulled out about halfway before pushing back in, sighing into the skin of her neck. Her hands gripped his hair tightly as she adjusted to his size, comfort replacing the uncomfortable with each of his additional movements.

"O-Oh, El, you f-feel so amazing."

He lifted his head to look her in the eyes.

"Are you still doing okay?"

El nods, a small smile crossing her face. "I'm more than okay, Mike."

Mike grinned. "I'm glad, but you know that if something, anything, makes you uncomfortable, that you can tell me and I'll stop right away, right?"

She nods again and he returns the gesture before picking up his hip's rhythm, stroking her inner walls at the perfect rate. He knew that he wasn't going to last too long, not with her stretched around him like this, but he was determined to make her cum first.

His free hand trailed down to her clit, thumb beginning to rub small circles around the swollen nub, smirking when her hips jumped instinctively. She had to put a hand over her mouth to prevent herself from making too much noise, knowing that there was already a huge chance of them getting caught.

"Muh...M-Mike, I'm c-close."

She whimpers from between her closed fingers.

"Faster, please."

He heeds her breathy request, increasing the pace of his hips while continuing his ministrations on her clit. It didn't take long for her to reach climax with his combined assault on her body.

"Fu-Fuck, Mike, I'm gonna--ah, oh god!"

Her walls gripped him like a vice, pulsating around his cock like

nothing he'd ever felt before. He came almost instantly, pulling out just in time to empty his load into his palm with a loud groan.

"Fuck, oh fuck, yes."

Mike continued to stroke himself through climax while El rode hers out, trying to catch her breath as best she could.

After they both regained their wits, they got redressed and Mike helped El down from the countertop, chuckling when her legs wobbled under her. He ended up having to hold her for a short while as she steadied her shaky knees.

"Wow."

El laughed out loud at his reaction. "Yeah...wow."

He suddenly turned shy, scratching the back of his neck as he turned to face her fully.

"So, uhh, I would really like to see you again...maybe for like...a date?"

She nodded eagerly, blushing softly. "I would like that very much."

Mike bit his lip, trying to hide his excitement.

"Awesome. C-Can I have your number?"

They exchanged contact information before parting ways, both feeling excited and hopeful for the future of their relationship.

Notes for the Chapter:

if you liked this work and would like to see more, please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps motivate me to write and i like hearing from y'all!

Author's Note:

don't hesitate to leave kudos and/or comments if you liked this work and want to see more!

here are the links to both of my other platform profiles, if you wanna check out more of my stuff:

<https://www.wattpad.com/user/eggosnmileven>

(NOTE: only multi-chaps will be posted here)

<https://www.fanfiction.net/~eggosnmileven> (NOTE:

both multi-chaps and oneshots will be posted here)